

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 16, 1894.

No. 38.

Notre Dame's Golden Jubilee.\*



AMONG the many noble institutions which Catholicity, in its zeal for the promotion of higher education, has established in this country, there are few, if there be any, that enjoy a higher distinction than what deservedly attaches to the University of Notre Dame, which completes this year the first half century of its existence. There is no corner, however remote, of the United States, into which the name of Notre Dame has not penetrated. Its title is as familiar a one in the far Eastern and Western states as it is in the favored commonwealth that rejoices in its possession; and by the Gulf, as along the Lakes, is it known as the abode of wisdom and learning and educational enterprise. Few institutions, indeed, in any part or age in the world have, in the comparatively short space of fifty years, achieved the success, or even the reputation which now belongs to Notre Dame; and because it is universally recognized as one of the leading of our American Catholic colleges, the celebration of its Golden Jubilee will have far more than a local interest and significance.

The site upon which Notre Dame stands—and there are few lovelier places in the land—was purchased in 1830 from the United States Government by the proto-American priest, Rev. Theodore Badin, who erected upon the spot a little log chapel for the Pottawattomies, whom he served as a missionary. With the dispersion

of his flock, the mission which was attended by other priests than Father Badin, was, in the course of time, abandoned; but the land remained in the possession of the bishops of Vincennes, to whom it was deeded at the time of its purchase. When Father Sorin came to this country from France to establish the Congregation of the Holy Cross here, Bishop Hailandière, then the Ordinary of Vincennes, offered the place to that community on condition that they would build and maintain a college there; and the offer was gratefully accepted by Father Sorin, who took possession, November 26, 1842. The erection of a church was the first work to which he and his brethren applied themselves; and that task completed, they at once went to work to comply with the conditions imposed upon them by Mgr. Hailandière. The corner-stone of the first college was laid August 18, 1843; but the building was not ready for occupancy until the following summer. The College was chartered the same year that it opened its doors to the students, and the first Commencement was held in August, 1844. The original college was necessarily a small and unpretentious affair, which it soon became necessary to enlarge, by the addition of wings and extensions, so great was the number of students that flocked to it from all parts of the country; and, thus improved, it was made to answer all purposes, more or less satisfactorily, up to 1879, when the first great disaster befell Notre Dame in the shape of a conflagration, which practically levelled it to the ground, destroying its valuable library and its precious historical and scientific collections, that had been gathered with great care and toil.

To any other man than Father Sorin this calamity might have proven an irretrievable

\* WILLIAM D. KELLY, in the *Catholic Columbian*.

loss. It only nerved him to renewed efforts and to a determination to replace the first Notre Dame with a better and finer building. So industriously, too, did he push the work of rebuilding that the students found ample accommodations ready for them when, at the beginning of the following scholastic year, they returned to Notre Dame to continue their studies. Of course, the University was not completed in that brief period of time; additions were speedily made, however; new structures sprang up beside the main building, until to-day Notre Dame possesses a group of college buildings which are not surpassed in beauty and utility by those of any similar institution in this country. The main building, which is of the modern Gothic style, is 320 by 155 feet, five stories in height, and surmounted by a dome that serves as a pedestal for a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin, whose head is encircled by a crown of twelve electric stars, while under her feet, in crescent shape, are twice that number of electric lights. The effect, when this dome, rising 200 feet from the ground, is illuminated, is truly a grand and inspiring one, and it has been said of it that "there is no grander monument to God's ever-Blessed Mother in the New World; which forms a most magnificent tribute of gratitude, on the part of the inmates of Notre Dame, to the Queen of Heaven, under whose benign protection this spot of earth has been placed since the foundation of the University that stands there."

The other more important of the fine group of structures which surround this magnificent main building of Notre Dame, are the college church, rich in valuable paintings, statuary and other decorations, and possessing, in addition to a fine chime of bells, the second largest individual bell on the Continent; Washington Hall, with its reading-rooms, apartments for the Athletic Associations of the College, its music rooms and exhibition hall, with a seating capacity in excess of 1200; Science Hall, containing one of the best and completest plants to be found in an American college; St. Edward's Hall, the home of the younger students of Notre Dame; Sorin Hall, named after the venerable Founder of the University, with its quarters for professors, lecture and recitation rooms, and the Printing Office, whence issue weekly those excellent publications, the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and *Ave Maria* and from whose presses have come, in book form, many valuable contributions to American Catholic literature.

Notre Dame rejoices in the possession of its own post-office, connected with which is also a telegraph service; the establishment of the office having been obtained for the University in 1851, by the good offices of Henry Clay, whose interest in the institution was always great. In addition to the many collegiate buildings, there are also to be seen at Notre Dame a number of other structures which are especially devoted to the uses of the zealous Congregation which has charge of the University, such as the Novitiate, Mt. St. Vincent for the professed members of the community, and the Theological Seminary in which its ecclesiastical candidates are trained for and instructed in the duties of the priesthood.

The chief glory of Notre Dame, however, does not consist in the pile of stately buildings that stand on the spot which Father Badin secured for the Church over sixty years ago. Noble and grand and numerous as these structures are, they would not have given Notre Dame the renown which the University now possesses were it not for the fact that the buildings, thanks to the erudition, the zeal and the piety of the Congregation which erected them, are truly homes of learning and wisdom, of educational enterprise and intellectual achievements. The Faculty of Notre Dame is admittedly one of the best which any American university possesses. In its ranks are counted not alone the scholarly ecclesiastics of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, but also the best Catholic specialists in their respective lines that this country has produced. In law and literature, in science and art, Notre Dame always strives for the best, and her efforts to secure that have been singularly fortunate. The Faculty is strong, numerically as well as intellectually; and in addition to the learned clerics who hold the higher places, it counts sixteen lay professors, besides a still larger number of seminarians, while the attendance of students at the institution is far in excess of that of any other American Catholic college or university.

Notre Dame has witnessed many grand and imposing ceremonies since that day in June, 1844, when the first students took possession of the original college building. First in order of time of these events was the dedication, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1844, of the original college chapel, wherein, before the fire destroyed it, Archbishop Purcell, Bishop Henni, Bishop Lefebvre, Mgr. Hailandière, and other prelates, at different times officiated.

Then there was the placing of the chimes, in the tower of the church in 1856, when Archbishop Purcell and Bishop Henni again visited the University and charmed all who listened to them by their splendid oratory. The blessing of the statue of the Blessed Virgin for the dome, May 31, 1866, was another impressive ceremony which called to Notre Dame Archbishop Spalding, Bishops Luers, Henni, Rappe, Timon and Grace. And among other notable events in the Institution's history may be mentioned the celebration, in 1869, of its Silver Jubilee; the dedication of the Notre Dame of today; the convocation there, in 1872, of the first General Chapter of a Religious Order held in this Western world; the celebration, in 1888, of Father Sorin's Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee, and still more recently, the reception accorded to Mgr. Satolli, the Papal Delegate. These are, however, but a few of the many notable events that Notre Dame has witnessed during the half century of its existence that is now ending. To mention, even briefly, all of such happenings that the University has seen would require far more space than is usually allotted to an article of this character; and to properly describe them a volume would be needed.

The venerable founder of Notre Dame was, naturally, the first President of the University, and he remained the head of the Institution from 1844 to 1865, when his election to be Provincial necessitated the selection of another president. His successor was the Rev. P. Dillon, who retained the office, however, but a year, being followed by the Rev. William Corby, who presided from 1866 to 1872. After him came Father Lemonnier, 1872-74; Father Colovin, 1874-77; Father Corby again, 1877-80; Father Walsh, 1880-93, and the present worthy incumbent, the Rev. A. Morrissey. Treasured names at Notre Dame, in addition, of course, to the unforgettable one of Father Sorin, are those of Father Cointet, who led the second colony of the Congregation thither from France, and taught classics in the earlier days of the University; of Father Shaw, who was Professor of elocution, and who laid the foundations of the present literary societies; of Father Gillen, an indefatigable worker in his day; of Father Gillespie, an early editor of the *Ave Maria*; of Father Granger, Assistant to Father Sorin; of Father Neyron, a soldier of France under Napoleon before he found the peace of Notre Dame, and, not to prolong the list, of the beloved Father Walsh, whose recent death called forth such eulogiums of his character, his worth and his work.

Fifty years is a comparatively short space of time in the life of a university; and glorious as Notre Dame's past record has been, the successes she has won, and the renown which is already hers, are but preludes of the greater triumphs and the grander fame that await her. As one of her own sons said of her a few years ago: "The sphere of her usefulness shall extend as the years roll on. She shall grow and flourish until gathered in this garden spot, so blessed by nature, so adapted to this purpose, there shall be students from every quarter of our continent; until buildings, not yet dreamt of shall cover acres and acres of ground, and shelter countless throngs of students; until her faculties of classics, of science, of law, of medicine, of theology and of art shall be numbered by the score and contain the foremost minds in each department. Yearly there shall go forth from these walls a host of disciplined minds to engage in the battle of life; to bear the heat and the burden of the struggle with manly Christian fortitude; to urge on the work of progress and advancement, and to fight back the foes that menace religion and society."

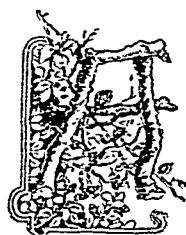
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#### An "End-of-the-Century" Ghost.

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DANIEL V. CASEY.

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WEEK ago I was decidedly skeptical on the subject of ghosts. That was before I had a little experience which, if Frank Stockton had the telling of it, would make a capital story. I believe in them now—these midnight visitors who do not rest in peace—but I can't say that I respect them altogether.

It happened in this wise. Last Friday morning was the time fixed for the triples in Botany. I had not been as enthusiastic a student of plant life as the contract called for; and I found it necessary, when the dynamo ceased to buzz on Thursday evening, to light a candle and keep on "grinding." Lights after ten o'clock are forbidden luxuries; but a rug over the transom and a quilt before the window made my candle invisible even to the keen eyes of the watchman.

Then I settled down to work. My clock was on the table in front of me, and I remember now it was seven minutes after twelve when I finished the chapter on Anthotaxy. I had just begun on the next when I heard footsteps in the hall and a

moment later, a rap at my door. It was not the gentle tap that the fellows use, and I knew it must be the watchman. Piff!—and the light was out, and for fully five minutes I sat there perfectly quiet, hardly daring to breathe. At last I thought I heard him moving softly away, and after giving him time to leave the hall, I lit the candle again. As the wick blazed up—I was sitting with my back to the door—I heard a slight cough, and turning, I saw, not two feet from me, leaning against the wall, a man.

Yes, I was startled and a bit frightened, until I took another look at him. He was rather undersized, badly in need of a shave, and the checked summer suit that he wore was cut after the fashion of a dozen years ago. A hideous, two-story straw hat and a pair of baseball shoes completed his outfit, and made him as ludicrous a figure as I have ever seen.

Frankly, I hardly knew what to make of him. He was so odd-looking and solemn, and the way he got in through that door was certainly queer. He was quite unconcerned, though, and murmured "Thanks, awfully," as he sank into the arm-chair I offered him.

"It's a little unusual," he began, as he took off his hat, "to call at a quarter of twelve, but the fact is I couldn't get out before."

"Get out?" I asked, trying to remember if there was a private asylum in the neighborhood, and wondering if my visitor were dangerous.

"Yes, I'm a ghost."

"What!" I gasped.

"Why, certainly, old man, I'm a genuine ghost, and they don't let us out until twelve sharp. Don't get excited!"—I *was* getting nervous—"I wouldn't harm you, if I could, because I want you to do me a little favor. It's just this: I've been in punishment for the last ten years for writing parodies here on earth. Now, I know you edit the "Trifles" column in the SCHOLASTIC, and I want you to publish some things of mine. They will not give me an honorable discharge from ghostdom until all my things have been printed. Indeed, that's the principal punishment I have to undergo—finding a publisher who will print my verses; and old Dante never thought of a more horrible one. Editors, you see, never know much about poetry and never write any themselves, so they have no pity at all on poor poets in ghost land. You've done a little in the parody line yourself, and you can sympathize with me; so I hope you'll help me out. If you'll only print my verses, I'll get my ticket of leave just as soon as you get the proof sheet."

I was secretly glad of the chance; for I knew

we had no "Trifles" for this number, but I thought it better to wait until I saw the parodies before accepting them. "Have you got them with you?" I asked.

"Well, rather," he answered, "the trouble is I can't get rid of them. You'll excuse me," he went on, as he unbuttoned his coat, "we don't wear shirts where I stay; it's a trifle uncomfortable for that, and I forgot to put mine on before I left." He slipped off the coat, and I saw that his back, arms and breast were covered with hieroglyphics tattooed in red.

"Hello!" I said, "so you've starred with a side-show, too, have you?"

"Not much, my dear boy," he replied. "Those are autograph copies of my parodies, written by some of the greatest men that ever shoved a quill. That's another of the tortures inflicted upon us. Why, I was hardly inside the door before a fat little, bald-headed man, with a Roman nose, waddled up to me and asked me something in Latin. I could not understand him, but he gave me his card and I found that he was Q. Horatius Flaccus. 'Glad to see you, Flaxy, old boy,' I said, and shook hands with him. He called up an interpreter, and asked me to account for a parody on *Persicos odi* that I wrote one day before the triples in Fourth Latin. I confessed, and he and the other fellow made me strip to the waist and get down on my knees, and then he scratched that parody on my right shoulder. There it is, and you can see how he bore on the stylus when he wrote the second verse. No, I didn't think you could read it. Horace was not much of a scribe. It runs:

Triplices odi, pater, inparatus  
Venio ad cædem, nolens, mæstusque,  
Displicent carmina, crimina illius  
Quinti Horatii.

Lingua Columbiæ satis est nobis;  
Americanus sum; neque te magistrum  
Decet Latinum, neque me sub atra  
Nube discentem.

"Horace had just given that last vicious flourish to the *m*, when I saw two officers in uniform bearing down upon us. 'You had better make yourself scarce,' the friendly interpreter told me, 'here come two of Shakspeare's bailiffs, and I suppose they're after you.'

"'Shakspeare's bailiffs?' I asked. 'Why, on earth, he was always dodging them himself.'

"'Will was young then,' said the linguist, 'he finds them a necessity now. You don't suppose one man alone could round up all the fellows who have parodied Hamlet's soliloquy, do you? Well, I'll see you later; ta, ta,' and the bailiffs marched me off to a line of huge machines that looked

like exaggerated typewriters. They shoved me into a little chute; a belt began to move, and a moment later I felt a jumping, burning pain across the small of my back. I howled, but no one paid any attention to me. In less than a minute the belt moved again and tumbled me out on the ground. 'Pretty good job, Billy,' said one of attendants to the operator, examining my back. 'Will you look at it yourself?' he asked, offering me a hand mirror. I took it, and saw, branded just under my shoulder-blades, five lines of a parody I made when I was very young. It's plain enough:

To swim, or not to swim,—that is the question  
Whether it's better on the banks to suffer  
The stings infernal of countless mosquitoes;  
Or to disrobe and boldly take a header  
Into the lake—the water being at zero.

"'Thank goodness!' I murmured, 'I never finished that;'" 'Thank goodness again,' said the operator, 'that it was only a red-hot Remington improved which wrote that, and not the boss himself. Will's penmanship always was a bit eccentric, and he would have cut up your back terribly.'

"I said good-day to the type-writer and wandered off, but only to fall into the hands of other poets quite as revengeful. I will not try to tell you—for I haven't much more time—how Burns put that eight lines on my right shoulder; or how I dodged old Milton for two months before he caught me and scribbled this sonnet here on my right hip. The most unmerciful of all, though, was that little wretch, Alexander Pope. I ran into him one day, and I've got ninety-two lines of imitation Homer on my left leg, a souvenir of our meeting. And the worst of it was that Pope had hardly finished, when up came the Attic bard himself and wanted to put the Greek of my parody on the other leg. Luckily for me, the old man knew no English, and Pope did not know enough Greek to translate it, and I got off with one sound limb. You'll readily believe that I was beginning to look like an animated autograph album long before I had expiated all my offences against the dead immortals.

"But the hardest day of all my ten years was when a detective of the Associated Agency gathered me in. Some Yankee had organized the firm for the benefit of the poets who were still living. First they sent me through the Tennyson type-writer, and I came out with this parody on my right arm:

Shake, shake, shlake,  
All the roof, O snorer free,  
And it wouldn't be safe to utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the boy that snores  
That his bed is far away!  
O well that the Prefect's wide awake  
Or he'd néver see the day!

And the horrid song goes on,  
With a cadence loud and shrill,  
But O for a club about two feet long  
And a license to maim and kill.

Shake, shake, shake,  
Our nerves with your melody,  
But the slumber sweet you have driven away  
Will never come back to me.

"That was a reminiscence of dormitory days, and I found the song even worse than the snoring. The Dobson machine came next and it put those two triolets on my right breast. They printed an ode 'after' Coventry Patmore on the leg that Homer wished to decorate, and then, to cap all, just over my heart, this parody, the only one I was ever sorry for:

There was no garlic till the first cook died,  
No parsley crisp, no green and tender peas,  
No pungent peppers that by paining please,  
Or stinging mustards. All these were denied  
To that first race of *chefs*, who vainly sighed  
For that they knew not. In their hours of ease  
They dreamed of onions, huge, with pedigrees  
Five fathoms long. They perished unsupplied.

There was no need of herbs 'neath Eden's skies  
And salads were not dreamed of, e'en among  
The rich, till died a cook of mighty girth;  
Then from the soil sprang almonds for his eyes,  
And from his mouth horse-radish for his tongue  
And so all herbs from that cook's death took birth!

"That was the last of my literary crimes and punishments, and after that I did not need to strain my eyes trying to see my victims before they got a glimpse of me."

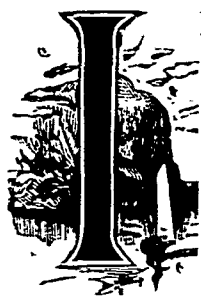
"Well," I said, when my ghost had finished, "you have had a rather rough time of it, and I'll print all you ever wrote, and be glad of the chance to serve you."

"Thank you! thank you, a thousand times!" the poor fellow almost sobbed; "If I can ever do anything for you, you may command me at any time. Here are copies of all that I have ever done in verse. I'll wait for liberty another week. And now farewell! 'tis almost cock-crow time and I must get me gone. Again, farewell!" and before the echo of his words had died away, he had vanished through the door.

THE talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.  
—Longfellow.

## Romanticism and Classicism.

BY F. M. M'KEE.



IN attempting to redefine romanticism and classicism, we find ourselves more confused than if we were to take the old definition of the critics. An effort to be specific and adequate seems to mean a total failure. The subject is as broad as literature itself; and when we sift the meaning of the terms, we find them so closely connected that a distinction can scarcely be made.

A book may be a classic without being classical. By a classic we mean a work that has met the general approbation of the public, and which has been a pioneer of its kind. Take, for example, Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." It is a classic because it was the first English novel of its kind, but it is far from being classical.

Aristotle laid down the rules of the three unities for the drama; and to be classical in ancient times meant a strict adherence to them.

When we speak of a classical drama, we mean one that has followed these three unities—one which treats of the ancient myths in an artificial way, the plot dignified, the form smooth and carefully polished.

Romanticism, in the general meaning of the term, had a renaissance in France in the Middle Ages, when a *soi-disant* chivalry, under the leadership of a band of young reformers, attacked the national literary traditions. In England the romantic movement was nothing but simply the "heart of the people asserting itself, timidly yet instinctively, against the domination of a critical school." Its desire and aim was to show human passions, to exhibit real beings that would humanly express the emotions of human creatures; not to imitate the stately and artificial characters of the Latin imitators of the Greek. They threw off all the shackles of conventionality, and made naturalness and the attainment of the dramatic their aim. In other words, it was a reflection of life as it exists, but always from a picturesque point of view. To the Greeks, as a noted writer has said, "the world was a fact, while to the Romans it was a problem." The expression of the heart and feelings was of more importance than the intellect, barred of its imagination.

The relations of the sexes were romanticised and elevated—influenced by the union of Christianity and chivalry. The Greeks, as a rule, had no conception of what we call love. To them it was an animal instinct, somewhat elevated because it answered to their desire for the perpetuation of their race; but to the romanticists it was an absorbing passion aroused by civilization and Christianity.

We talk of the classical period, and of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides as the models of that age; but when we consider seriously the plays of Euripides we find a romantic spirit that becomes more marked at each reading, and it is more and more difficult to make a distinction between these two schools. Where to draw the line is a question that is hard to answer; for we find in the works of these three dramatists a manner of treatment that is contrary to all the set rules of classicism.

Strange to say, Euripides is classical inasmuch as he observed the three unities; but he is romantic as far as character is concerned. He did not hesitate to bring down the heroes of ancient Greece, and make human beings of them, and in this sense he was romantic; for the strictest classicism does not permit such liberties with the myths. Dignity and stateliness of expression, and due respect for the gods was the Aristotelian idea of the essence of the drama and epic. In four out of five of Euripides' plays, his attention was directed as much to the naturalness of his characters as to the plot. Cardinal Newman carefully accentuates this. In fact, plot seems to have been of little importance to him; and the characters are remembered because they are human.

From this we see new difficulties in clearly defining classicism. In all the definitions given, from Heine's to Saintsbury's, there is a confusing variety of opinions, and still there is something common to them all—a thread that binds them, and makes it more difficult to say when and where romanticism originated. If we say it was an outcome of chivalry in France and Germany—a casting aside of the old rules of rhetoricians, the trying to get nearer to nature—we find ourselves overthrown by the examples of the Greek classical writers themselves.

The classical spirit, as exemplified in Euripides, Æschylus and Sophocles, is objective; that is, it concerns itself very largely with things as they appear outside. Cardinal Newman has shown that the writers of ancient times were never governed completely by the rules of Aristotle. To the greater dramatists they were



more flexible than many have imagined. They would have clipped the wings of passion, and, except when used by a genius, dragged reticence and serenity into mere conventionality. Now, Demosthenes, Pindar and the three ancient dramatists were men of genius, and we find that, when necessary, they soared above all the arbitrary rules of rhetoric.

Shakspeare was romantic because he depicted real life. His object was to reflect human life. His characters express the emotions common to us all, sublimated and exalted. The unities were not held by him as the essentials of the drama. We cannot make an essential distinction between him and Euripides, although Euripides is considered classical. Both put the manifestation of human life above all else. The plot was with them unimportant compared with the development of character. This, we know, is not in consonance with one of the rules of Aristotle. The plot was, according to Shakspeare's idea, a matter of little consequence; for he generally borrowed it, and his aim was to exhibit real life, and in this he excels. His characters live because they are natural; we find their characteristics in ourselves. None of them possess the stateliness and dignity of the gods; none are artificial—and it is a great wonder that Voltaire should regard his Hamlet as a drunken savage. This is why we call him a romanticist; and with so much in common with Shakspeare we cannot consider Euripides classical in the strict sense of the word. The old dramatists were classical in form; but in spirit, what a difference between them and Shakspeare!

When we compare the "Ædipus Coloneus" with "King Lear," we find a perceptible difference only in the treatment of the subject; and this is not enough to mark one as classical and the other romantic. To do so would seem to juggle with words. Shakspeare is the lineal descendant of the three great Greek dramatists, and the two words "classicism" and "romanticism" do not stand far apart in literature, but are bound so closely together that another name should be found that would embrace both and leave these words to mark more the influences of society on literature than as meaning absolute, distinct schools.

The characteristics of the French classicists during the time of Louis XIV. were extreme polish and a strict adherence to arbitrary rules. The treatment by the dramatists, such as Racine and Corneille, of the myths of ancient times was distinctively imitative. They were as

classical as imitators of the old masters could be; but they mistook the Greek reticence for conventionality. "They turned Olympus," to quote the words of a very respected lecturer, "into a seventeenth century drawing-room." It is well understood that Racine tried to be Greek; Corneille, Roman; and they succeeded as far as technique and unity are concerned; they are self-consciously classical. They were extremely polished and artificial, and imitated the old forms; they approached as near to the spirit as conventionality allowed.

The French Revolution made a great change in literature; the classical movement was the outcome of an artificial society. It was nothing more than a reflection of the aristocratic taste, paganized, but restrained by a varnish of decorum. "Literature is a reflection of life," and we plainly see the influences that made it at this time. Victor Hugo was directly opposed to classicism, and he was the rebel against its inflexible, lifeless formulas; his original genius and creative power overthrew the so-called classical school in France.

Even Madame de Staël agrees that the romantic school was a reaction against the formality of classicism. The modes of saying things, and the expression of man's thoughts needed freedom, and their object was to be wholly free. As Victor Hugo puts it, "romanticism is nothing but liberalism in literature," and carved couplets were no more of interest to them. The aim of the English classicists was to be artificial and conventional; to go back to nature "as seen from a drawing-room window, where shepherds carry golden crooks, and milk maids dress in satin petticoats, and wear red-heeled shoes." Spenser did not possess this artificial spirit. He was truly romantic. The splendor of chivalry and the love of nature were once more made real through his influence.

In England Spenser was the poet of romanticism, as Pope was of classicism. They stand exactly opposite in literature. Pope was all intellect, the poet of fashionable society, while Spenser was all imagination and extravagance. The lazily flowing, melodious stanzas of Spenser are filled with pictures from nature. He loved to roam the fields and tell us of fairy and supernatural life. The Augustan poets read him only with tolerance, for the crest. His crest deserved to be a golden helmet decorated with the feathers of the lark and wreathed with the English daisy.

The Augustan age was the most classical

period of English literature. Pope, the chief of the poets, was the imitator of imitators. Enthusiasm was looked upon by them as more of a curse than a blessing—a needless gift. Those who did not possess it, abhorred it; while those who had it, or were inclined in that direction, checked it, and looked on it as unfashionable. Pope, the head of the English versifiers, was ruled by the French classical school. His couplets are classical because they are modeled more on the heroic verse of the French, rather than the free blank verse of the English. His *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are not the reflection of Homer, but of Seneca, Racine and Corneille. He was a follower of nature, but not in the sense that Thomson and Wordsworth were. What he meant was a careful paraphrase of nature's calmest words, without emotion, carefully artificial. His idea was that of the gardens of his time, closely trimmed hedges, polished walks, trees cut in the shape of animals; in other words, nature trimmed and dressed and viewed always through conventional spectacles.

Classical verse, such as is found in Pope's jingling couplets, are pretty conceptions, polished gems, or the ornamental fragments of lower poetry. Conventionality in poetry is a lessening of the poetic art; and no man that cultivates it can be a true poet. He always writes according to fixed rules, and the jingling of the rhymes soon becomes monotonous.

After Pope, the classical school dwindled, and the revived influence of Spenser and Milton brought about a romantic movement that was gradual and largely unconscious. Blank verse became the vehicle of the poet's thought, and the yoke of the couplets was slipped off.

We have every reason to thank Heaven that Ben Jonson was the only Elizabethan and Jacobian poet to be "classical." His imitations of Seneca, "Sejanus", and "Cataline," are dead, while his romantic masques live. "The dramatist," says Edmund Gosse, "never lets himself go, and never breathes the breath of life into the Frankenstein monster of his learned fancy." "The breath of life" is modern romanticism; "learned fancy," the classicism of the English Augustan Age.

After all this it is hard to accept the terms, romanticism and classicism, as two distinct schools in literature. When applied to modern literature it is simply artificial and absurd. The classicism of Ben Jonson and Racine really meant simply imitation of something they imagined existed. They followed what they thought

were the rules of classicism, and succeeded in becoming reticent and artificial. The French school was more of an imitation than an inspiration, more artificial than spontaneous. In fact, they made form of more value than the ancients. All writers have endeavored to reflect human life in some way or other, and we see no essential difference between Shakspeare and Euripides, only in the treatment of love; and this is caused by the influence of Christianity and chivalry in literature. We must get rid of the old idea that the ancient followed the rules exactly, and conclude that most of our great writers are the lineal descendants of the old Greeks.

### Trifles Light as Air.

#### AN ILLUSTRATION.

"Art for art's sake," of old the cry  
Of painters in a glorious strife,  
Forgotten is. Our artists try  
To draw for only "Truth" and "Life."

D. V. C.

#### "VILE POTABIS"—A MODERN VERSION.

*Vin ordinaire* you'll drink, my dear,  
While you are with us. 'Twill be queer;  
We have no port, or Extra Dry,  
Or claret. Money will not buy  
Tokay that's older than a year.

I know it's common—never fear,  
'Twill do quite well—to be sincere,—  
I think you'll like it, once you try

*Vin ordinaire.*

'Tis amber, sparkling, cool and clear,  
Fit for the Kaiser, full of cheer,  
For hearts oppressed by warm July,—  
You cannot guess? Then I'll supply  
Your lack—a name polite for beer,

*Vin ordinaire.*

D. V. C.

#### A KEY TO ALL PROBLEMS.

The statesman would puzzle his daughter,  
So he asked her, with solemn face,  
A cure for all riots and slaughter  
And troubles in every place.

Then whispered the dear little maiden:  
"I know not, papa, how to tell  
A cure for the world sorrow-laden,  
But I know that I love you well."

"Yes, love is the answer, my bonny;  
There would be no question then  
Of imports, or exports, or money,  
If we loved our fellowmen."

E. C.

#### A RECIPE FOR A MODERN NOVEL.

A man, a maid,  
And a town in Maine;  
And another—say Milwaukee—  
The girl in the case must be always plain  
And the hero a trifle "gawky."



They live apart,  
And they never meet,  
And they finally die—both single;  
But the critic will swear the story is sweet,  
And the author's dollars will jingle.

D. V. C.

## THE HEIGHT OF ANXIETY.

I'm examined to-day,  
Will they pluck me to-morrow?  
Oh, I quake in dismay!—  
I'm examined to-day.  
Well, their mercy I'll pray,  
And no trouble I'll borrow;  
I'm examined to-day,—  
Will they pluck *me* to-morrow?

Du B.

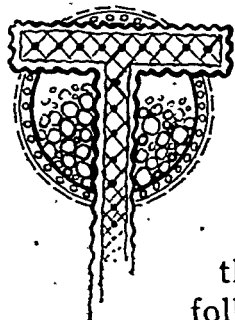
## APROPOS OF THE CHIMES.

"Chimes are sweet when the metal is sound,"  
But it seems to me—since the first of June—  
That it's quite as true when twisted around,  
For the sound is sweet when the chime's in tune.

D. V. C.

## The Irish System of University Education.

BY M. J. M'GARRY.



O many of the readers of the SCHOLASTIC the presumption on the part of the writer to treat of such a subject may appear rash. But it should be remembered that experience is the best criterion, and that the following article is the result of experience.

Ireland was once the great seminary of Europe, the proud mistress of the world in science and letters. Historians do a great wrong when they upbraid and charge the Irish with want of education. There was a time when all education in Ireland was by law forbidden, and it is only in recent years that a change for the better has taken place.

It is a peculiar system of education that obtains in Ireland; and it at once strikes an American youth as being decidedly queer. In America he is accustomed to colleges, each having its own ideals and standards and its own methods independent of the views and opinions of other colleges. But in Ireland there is among the colleges and schools a greater or less uniformity.

Take, for example, the colleges within a radius of sixty miles of Dublin. The same system is in vogue in all these educational institutions. They all educate their students for the Royal University of Ireland. In other words, the students

attend college, and when examination time rolls around they go up to Dublin where the University is and stand their examination. The University examination, though, is not the only one that stares them in the face. By no means! Each college holds its own examination, on the success or non-success of which the student depends for a bulletin. The examination at the University is not compulsory unless the student wishes to pass through the various grades leading up to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The grades are known as Matriculation, First Arts, Second Arts, and Bachelor of Arts. Assuming that a student desires to enter the A. B. grade it will make no difference whether he has read Greek and Latin, or taken Mathematics; he must bow to the inevitable and begin with Matriculation, and successively pass through the other grades of First Arts and Second Arts. If the student fails, he must try again. There are two periods of the year when Matriculation examinations are held; only one for the others, if I mistake not. These examinations are held at the Royal University in Dublin, and are under careful supervision to prevent any sleight-of-hand work, which Irish as well as American boys are prone to attempt. After Matriculation come the successive grades mentioned above. A year at least must be spent in each. One cannot "jump" from Matriculation to Second Arts; much less from First Arts to the A. B. grade. This will give the reader a brief outline of the grades. There are other courses which are more "special" than anything else. For instance, there are what are called "Exhibitioners"—students who have taken exhibition prizes in some special branch, as Latin or English. The "Exhibitioners" are the pets of a college, and are generally the most intellectual of its students.

Perhaps the most peculiar thing about the system is that the books necessary for each grade are controlled by a Board of Examiners. This Board prescribes the books, and no deviation or personal preference is allowed. A person may have studied Cicero privately, or any other Latin author, but if he enters for Matriculation, he may find that Cæsar's Commentaries will be the work required. Not only are the books prescribed, but also the amount of work in each. The requirements are changed each year. This year it may be Sallust, next year it may be Virgil.

Another peculiarity is that the "Lecture System," so popular in Germany and other Euro-

pean countries, is entirely eschewed. Again, attendance at the different classes is compulsory. A student must be present unless excused by sickness. He is never his own master in this respect.

The Irish system of education may appear odd, but it is the custom of the country, and, on the whole, I think it is a good one. It gives one a wider acquaintance with authors, and a fund of general information, which might not be acquired if a settled course of study were pursued.

There is one fact which cannot fail to be noticed; and that is that the Irish course is longer and more thorough than ours. The American and the Irishman are antithetical to one another. The American is essentially a man of action. He is busy and bustling from morning to night; he must be so to keep up with the march of progress and outstrip his competitors in the uncertain race for wealth. The Irishman, on the contrary, while he cannot be a living *dead* man, is not plunged into such extremes as his American cousin. The business man in Ireland knows that he can make so much every year. He does not look upon money as a god; but is more disposed to eke out a pleasant if precarious existence. He goes to no early grave, but follows the Latin maxim of "enjoying the day." This accounts, in a measure, for the length of the different courses in the Irish universities. The graduate of an Irish college is drilled from the beginning to the end of his academic career. He must learn in spite of himself, and what he does know, he understands thoroughly. That, after all, is the great end in education. A smattering of many things is of no practical benefit to the student. It is not the quantity of intellectual food that a man consumes, but rather the amount which he digests and assimilates that makes the ripe scholar and the man of thought.

Another circumstance that Americans cannot fail to notice is, that the study of languages is an important feature in Irish education. The same thoroughness is to be seen in regard to the study of languages as is to be seen in any other department of knowledge.

With regard to recreations and amusements, "a sound mind in a sound body" is the chief object aimed at. No student is allowed to be indoors during recreation hours. Sickness is the only excuse possible. Exercise is not optional, but imperative. Football, cricket and tennis are the favorite games. Special holidays are granted to the students on many

occasions; for instance, on the visit of a bishop etc. There is one free day each week, and at intervals of about ten days there is a half day free. Classes begin at nine and succeed one another in the same room in which you enter for the first time in the morning. There are recitations from morning until night. No visit is paid to the study-hall until the day's work is done. At one o'clock there is lunch; at one-thirty recitations begin and continue until three-thirty. Then comes the regular dinner; recreation until seven, and at seven-thirty come supper and night prayers, and studies until ten o'clock. In the line of amusements the Irish system and the American system, for once, are a unit. They are practically the same.

American youths sometimes feel rebellious and inclined to resist authority; but there is no comparison between American and Irish discipline. The Irish system is the most military imaginable, and the chalk line is always to be walked. The students must obey the rules or leave. There is no half measure about that.

It is fashionable to ridicule everything Irish, be it man or beast. But want of experience of the proper kind is the answer to the calumnies of the day. The student of an Irish college is as much the equal of his American brother as one American college student is the equal of another. He is his equal intellectually, physically, and more than his equal morally. In short, it would be hard to find more clever, more industrious or better informed students than those of an Irish college or university.

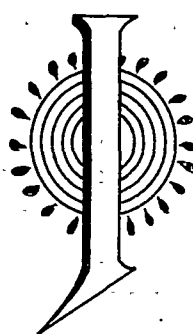
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#### Dining under Difficulties.

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ERNEST F. DU BRUL.

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It is not provided for by the Constitution, nor is it dependent for existence upon the whims of a mere governor; it is the one amusement sanctioned by the whole people—the picnic. The season in which it flourishes is upon us, and we will hardly have shaken hands all around, before we will be called upon to go out into the woods, with a dozen more idiots, to seek and enjoy the company of sand-flies and mosquitoes. We do not like to go, but we are creatures of destiny, and our "no" is of little avail. Perhaps it is one of our "best girls" who invites us. If we do not accept, she is disappointed, and, two to one,

she invites another young man in our stead. Again, it may be one of the boys of our crowd who puts the question. We don't want him to think us "slow," so we say "Yes."

A week before hand we begin to make our preparations. Everything we can think of is put up for use. We take good care not to forget anything; but before we are a mile from home we always find that some important article is not in the basket. It may be something eatable, or drinkable,—it may even be a cork-screw. Think of it! Imagine a picnic party without a cork-screw! Look at that long row of bottles and tell us how they are to be opened. Tell us how to get at their contents; for what is a picnic without—pickles?

Rain is always a beautiful thing, but especially on picnic days. It is more beautiful if we happen to be at home, and see the picnic party coming back, bedraggled and forlorn. Rain on a picnic day is inevitable. It is a providential dispensation sent to cool the atmosphere hovering over a picnic grove. They say atmosphere needs it; for here and there may be seen a fire and brimstone haze. That's where some fellow forgot to count ten, and used strong language more expressive than polite.

When we go to a picnic it is supposed to be for rest and enjoyment; but we know better. We never work so hard as at a picnic. We have to lift the wagon out of a mud-hole or carry water or do something else all the time. We have to climb trees, tearing our clothes and soiling our linen, to put up swings. We reach the limb, get the swing in place and start down. Unwillingly we take a swift drop fifteen feet to the ground. The others laugh, but never thank us. Not only this, but they complain that the swing is not well put up.

The dinner horn sounds at last, and there is a grand stampede for the baskets. How good the meal tastes, with the ants on the cake, flies in the milk and bugs of various kinds merrily exploring our carefully-packed dinner! The butter we had stored in a jelly glass has increased in strength. It knocks the cover off the glass, and runs over everything in an unctuous stream. The clear, cold spring water of our fancy is disappointingly warm and muddy. Coffee grounds and tea leaves are more plentiful in our cups than the liquid beverage; while sugar and sand are most delightfully blended.

The dinner proceeds. Somebody wants something or other, and we start up to get it. After an expedition in search of it, we return in triumph to our place at the table-cloth. Alack! and alas! That "only" girl of ours had set a custard pie beside her on the grass, and we didn't see it. Resulting damages: One pie out of the ring; one pair of lavender trousers irretrievably ruined; one engagement, ditto. We repair the injury to the trousers as best we can, but the pie and the engagement are beyond repair.

After dinner we hunt up another "only girl we love." Together we stroll through the woods, with every spider web in the place catching us across the face. We find a pleasant place under the trees, all quiet save for the high-keyed singing of the ubiquitous mosquito. There we plead our love and beg her hand. She is absorbed in thought; but presently she opens her lips; breathlessly we wait the words that will decide our fate. "E—e—e—le! There's a bug on my neck. Take him off, the horrid thing! Ugh!"

The only thing really enjoyable about a picnic is the going home. Through the soft moonlight, laughing and singing, we return, forgetting all the miseries of the day. Through the twilight we wend our homeward way. Every lassie has her laddie, and the picnic wagon is the scene of much rejoicing. Arrived at our destination, we all vote it a jolly good time, remembering only the bliss of that homeward ride.

One rule should always be followed: Never eat angel cake, unless you have made your will and have been prepared for death. The name "angel cake" is very suggestive, and it is, moreover, generally made by some sweet graduate who does not mean any harm, but who—poor thing!—knows no better.

If you are ever tempted to organize a party to invade the haunts of ants and inquisitive cows, go to your wisest friend, tell him the facts in the case, and, if he is really sane, he will tell you what we would—"DONT'!"

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REMEMBER that every day of your early life is ordaining irrevocably, for good or evil, the custom and practice of your soul; ordaining either sacred customs of dear and lovely recurrence, or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seed of sorrow.—*Ruskin.*

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 16, 1894.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Ind.

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—We have received invitations to attend the Commencements of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, St. Rose's Academy, Laporte, Indiana, and St. Angela's Academy, Morris, Illinois. We regret that ubiquity is a quality for which we are still sighing. May their closing exercises be as bright and flowery as their invitations.

—There will be a large attendance of the alumni at Commencement. All are enthusiastic to make this a memorable gathering. The letters received in acknowledgment of invitations breathe the love and pride the "old boys" have for *Alma Mater*. Notre Dame is proud of her sons, and they in return never fail to show their affection for her.

—It is to be hoped that there will be a liberal display of the College colors on Commencement day. Everyone should secure his ribbon in time. By the wearing of the Gold and Blue we testify, in a slight way, the pride we feel in being recognized as students of Notre Dame. The members of the different societies, too, should show the pins and colors of their respective organizations.

—With this number the Staff of '94 retires from the field of college journalism. In their

endeavors to make the SCHOLASTIC a worthy representative of this great University, they have been encouraged by the many complimentary notices of each number, aided by the valuable suggestions of their many friends. To Professor Egan especially are they indebted for helpful advice; and to him, as well as to their other friends, they return their sincere thanks.

—Yale is on the war-path for trans-Atlantic scalps. Not content with arranging a race with the Oxford eight, she will send to the Oxford field games the athletic team that recently carried off the honors at New York. And the best of it is that they have more than a fair chance of winning. Hickok, the captain of the team, is unbeatable with the shot and hammer, and the sprinters and jumpers will make the Englishmen strain every nerve to win first place. The sympathy of every college man in America goes with the wearers of the blue; and if they are victors, even Harvard will rejoice.

—The spring season has been, for Notre Dame, an unfortunate one on the diamond. In spite of all the efforts of Captain Flannigan, the Blue and Gold has floated at half-mast since the beginning of the season. With the best will in the world, some of the players would go to pieces at critical points, and the game would be lost by such a narrow margin that it was maddening to think of it. And it speaks well for the rank and file who were only spectators that they never despaired, and never denied the Varsity the encouragement they needed. It is an easy thing to be enthusiastic over a winning team, but it is a little more difficult to cheer with crape in your button-hole.

In an article on the progress made by Catholic institutions of learning the *Catholic News* pays the following tribute to our *Alma Mater*:

"The University of Notre Dame can boast with good reason of the manner in which it has kept abreast of the times, and, in some matters, led the way in advanced educational systems and methods. Having a faculty which counts among its members some of the best-known Catholic instructors in the country, Notre Dame is constantly adding to its successes, and challenging the admiration of the whole Catholic body by its achievements. Father Zahm's scientific lectures, which attracted so much attention at the last session of the Catholic

Summer School, may be instanced as one proof of this institution's progressiveness; and the excellent publications which issue from its press constitute others."

—Just a last word about athletics. A Notre Dame team is entered for the Western Intercollegiate games to be held on the first Saturday in June, 1895; and it only remains for talent to be developed. If any man is particularly strong at one or two things let him pay particular attention to them, and let all the others go by the board—the summer is one of the best of times for practice—and train for the events he expects to enter. Then when he returns in the fall it will be an easy matter to get him into shape, and to keep him so until spring. And a place on our athletic team is worth working for, and is quite as much to be desired as a position on either the Varsity eleven or our baseball team. So let our athletes go into training, and the old Gand Blue will make a brave showing at Chicago in June.

—It is a pleasure to find the effort Father Zahm is making to explain the attitude the Church bears to Science is meeting with warm recognition. His pen, ever ready in the defense of the harmony between revealed and natural truths, has been busy again, and a new work entitled "Bible, Science and Faith" is now in press. It will be a handsome duodecimo of nearly four hundred pages and will be ready for delivery in a few days. The volume, which is thoroughly in pace with modern thought, discusses many topics of vital importance to those who are interested—and who is not?—in the current controversies respecting the relations between Science and Religion. From the proof-sheets, which we have seen, we can safely state it will be a veritable magazine of valuable information which cannot be found elsewhere. It is designed for the general reader as well as for the scholar, and unless we are greatly mistaken, it is sure to form one of the most valuable contributions to Catholic apologetics in the English language.

—Republics may be ungrateful, but there is no doubt that, at times, our own is very generous. The trouble is its generosity nearly always takes the wrong direction. For many years books in paper covers have been available at the rate of one cent per pound, while cloth-bound books are charged just eight times as much. Three-fourths

of the first sort are bad translations of vile French novels, immoral from every point of view. Last year the Post Office paid \$1,400,000 for the privilege of scattering these throughout the land. But when it comes to educational works, Uncle Sam shrugs his shoulders—a trick which he has probably caught from those same French translations—and asks a rate that adds from ten to twenty per cent. to their cost. And the men who represent us at Washington are perfectly satisfied with this state of affairs. Recently, when Mr. Henderson, of North Carolina, proposed to put Thackeray and Dickens on at least the same level as the French naturalistic novel, Congress laughed at him and defeated his motion "by an overwhelming majority"; yet in England these same novels are forbidden by law, and their publishers punished; and even in France, their sale is not permitted on trains or at railway stations. Mr. Henderson's amendment was a move in the right direction and he deserves the thanks of every true American for his efforts against indecent literature.

#### Annual Examinations.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, JUNE 18-19.

(Under the supervision of Rev. President Morrissey.)

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## The Prophet's Vision.

"For I dipped into the future, as far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

It is midnight. The silvery rays of the bright, full moon overhead struggle through the light mist that hangs over the bosom of St. Joseph's Lake. A breeze is blowing light and soft, just strong enough to stir the surface of the water. A boat is lazily, slowly drifting from the middle towards the shore. It has an occupant—the seventh son of a seventh son of a prophet. He is buried in thought. His mind dwells on the Staff number, and he is at a loss for matter for his contribution. Dreamily he watches the ripples as the boat idly floats. The glint of the moonlight catches his eye. Inspiration comes to him. Over all his soul the spirit of prophecy hovers. Leaning over the boat, he sees reflected in the deep black waters pictures of the lives of the Staff members. As in a dream they pass before him, each with its woe, its joy, its failure and its success.

First he sees Ernest Du Brul. While at school it was hard work for "Dusie" to convince the boys that he was not the Athletic Editor. The day had been when he was absolutely in danger of his life at the hands of aroused athletes. Making capital out of the famethrust upon him, he became sporting editor of a leading newspaper—*The South Chicago Climate*. His close connection with the sporting element worked his ruin. Not unknown to fame at college in the pugilistic line, he soon acquired a taste for championship honors. The Roby arena was the scene of his first, last and only entry on the field of athletics for revenue only. Proudly he stepped to the ring, proudly he stepped to the scratch. But not long did he retain the pride that goeth before a fall; and "oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" Imagine the indomitable one who battled so manfully against professionalism at college now going in himself for "the stuff!" Yes, indeed, going in, but coming out much more quickly. He stays in about 23 1-5 seconds, and calmly seeks the land of nod under the gentle ministrations of the Bertrand Giant. After this touching experience he leaves athletics and journalism. The ring and the waste-basket know him no more. He quits the professions of brain and brawn and starts an oleomargarine establishment in his native city. Business prospers with him, and a branch is added for the making of artificial eggs. As money rolls

in, he becomes greatly changed. He is now the first and only taken-from-Puck dude in Cincinnati.

The water stirs, the figures change, and the prophet beholds Tommy Mott. Tommy has followed out the promise of his early years and is now Captain General, Salvation Army, Department of China. Tommy loves the Chinese as brothers, and he cleaves the circumambient atmosphere of the Celestial Empire with a cry of "Bibles, tracts, religious articles!" Some people have their ruling passions strong in death; but Tommy has his strong in religion. He raffles bibles every once in a while. After business hours he closes his wagon and starts out to work some bunco game or other on the meek-eyed Mongolians. As a sport he is unsurpassed. He opens a book on the Foo Chow Handicap, and the shrewd Chinese, knowing the best way to win money at horse races, keep their money in their pockets—all but one luckless fellow who had been to Los Angeles and there ruined. He backed the favorite and stood to win about seven Cash—a cent of our money is worth about 400 Cash. The favorite won, and Tommy is now in bankruptcy, having broken up before the winner had time to collect. Mott is now an exile wandering everywhere—except in Foo Chow.

The exquisite figure of Jimmy Fitzgerald now floats into view. Poor Jim's lot has been a hard one! It has changed him most extraordinarily. Following Prohibition in Iowa came Woman's Rights. Women were emancipated. They shared all occupations with men, from policewoman to messenger girl. Men, too, are emancipated, and this is the reason that Jim is in the garb of a nurse girl, tending four young female infants, whose loud voices give promise that they will one day be heard from in the legislature, on the stump, from the platform, or in the "Board of Lady Wranglers." Jim does not pursue this calling (of children) all his life. He keeps a five-cent lodging house now, and fairly coins money. If the Government knew that he is a counterfeiter it would be far from pleasant for him.

Now comes the sylph-like form of Hugh O'Donnell. Hugh knew a great deal of Italian, and used it to advantage in his singing on the Notre Dame stage. This knowledge proved very valuable; for on leaving college he started a peanut and banana stand. The music of his nature had to come out though, and this in addition to being on Flannigan's beat—of



whom more anon—led him into the circus lemonade business. The music of his voice kept forcing him upward, and we now see him grinding a hand organ in front of a sideshow. This too gives way to a more profitable employment. Looking again into the water, we see him holding forth as a "barker" for a sideshow, doing a turn inside as the skirt dance *artiste*.

The career of Frost Thorn now glides before the prophet's vision. He too is connected with the theatrical profession. The blood of his famous ancestors courses hotly through his veins, and impels him also to be famous. He believes in beginning at the bottom of everything. Securing a position as a super, he reaches a height never yet attained by anyone. His early work is hard, but he perseveres. Promotion comes to him, and his efforts are rewarded by a better place as stage hand. Step by step he rises. At last he gets his chance and seizes the opportunity. He is given the character of Little Eva, and his acting brings down the house—so far down that it had to be rebuilt. Frost's rise is greatly favored by this triumph. At present he is at such a height in the theatrical world that none can reach him, not even the greatest of the great. He is a fly man at the Otarium—the largest theatre in the world—and his post is ninety-seven feet above the stage.

Can the prophet believe his eyes? Surely he does not see—no, it cannot be—down there on his knees before that large, fat, old and ugly woman—he, the unimpressible, the one whose heart could ne'er be touched by female wiles,—he, the callous one, who never fell in love—he, the heart-breaker, Jim McKee? Horrors! and she is so very homely! Let him look again! Yes, it is Jim. Poor boy! ah, sad indeed is his case! Look close—what a relief! It is Jim indeed, but not as a lover,—not he! It is in his capacity as a chiropodist that he is on his knees at that fairy's feet. This is what he has come to after a checkered career. Starting life as a telephone girl, the melody of his voice captured all hearts. Sap-headed dudes sent him flowers, and one young "cholly" boy fell in love, madly in love, with the operator who always answered Q 4-II-44. The young man's mother one day came to the Exchange. Jim heard her from afar off and skipped. He wandered around as a grass-widower, making love to all the heiresses and turning other less lucky men green with envy. Jim finally captured one of the aforesaid heiresses, but soon after the wedding her father failed. "Every

toe has its corn," and Jim was cornered by necessity.

Little did Bolton's friends think how prophetic the name of "Dahomey" would be. See him as he "swims into our ken." His is a unique profession. He started up a travelling representation of "Ye gay and festive Mid"; and behold him the sole proprietor, manager and actor of the concern. His fortune is made, and already the show promises to drive Barnum's, Forepaugh's and all other circuses out of business. To cut down the expense sheet, he sells tickets with one hand and takes them with the other. After the audience has entered he makes a quick change and appears as the Sleeping Beauty show. The shows are all connected, and Bolton dives through a door, changes costumes and is ready for the populace as they stream into another place. The Bolton Midway is realistic and lifelike. The best act on the programme is as a Dahomey medicine man.

The most glorious path of all is the one trod by handsome Johnnie Flannigan. True as an arrow he followed out his ambition, and is now a guardian of the public peace, vulgarly known as a policeman, or copper. See him as he goes on his lordly way, followed by the eyes and heart of every nursemaid and cook on the beat. See the condescending manner in which he deigns on each passing to put his hand into O'Donnell's pile of peanuts. See the ease and grace with which, as of yore, on the football and baseball fields, he calmly bluffs innocent pedestrians. Look at him as he approaches that knot of harmless small boys near the alley. Hark! he speaks: "Git aff de carner, or Oi'll run yez all in!" A policeman to the bone is John; but there is trouble in store for him. One daring youngster refuses to be overawed by Johnnie's appearance or his two hundred and seventy-five pounds. A policeman is John, yea, verily, and more than a policeman is he. Without a doubt, I say that for this day's work he shall one day be chief of the force. Valiantly he whips out his club and bears down upon that ill-fated boy. With vigor does he ply his stick, and quickly does the lad succumb. His senseless form is dragged to the box. A hurried call is sent in. Assistance arrives, and two other officers jump on the dazed kid. He is overpowered by numbers and hustled off to the station. The charge is "Inciting riot and resisting officer." Six months is the penalty, and as John pockets his witness fees, a broad smile of satisfaction lights up his countenance.

Dan Casey, too, will have his ambitions realized, but not as he thinks. The prophet sees him starting out with a wienerwurst can over his shoulders peddling the only "Coney Island red hots" to be found in Crawfordsville. His rise is slow but steady. Frankfurts are his stand by for a time, and then he takes tomalies. Waffles mark his upward progress, followed by ice-cream. It is but one more step to a soda-water fountain, and there he is to be found at the end. He is the ladies' man he wished to be. Hard experience has taught him what girls are good for, and he has come to the conclusion that as customers they are at their best, helping him fleece the innocent and guileless youths who drift into his fizz dispensary. Dan smiles, and is smiled on. His heart is light, for he knows the smiles are only professional, and not actionable. He knows, too, in a professional way, what winks are and never gets them mixed. He can tell the difference between a man's wink, and the catching tilt of a girl's eye.

Frank Carney now heaves into sight. He is at first a weary wanderer, knowing every hang-out and hand-out on the road. This work becomes too arduous, and he succumbs to the placid rest to which he is so disposed. After travelling some yards or so one day, he started in to take a nap. His fatigue was caused by the effort of chewing the oatmeal gruel he had for breakfast. His waking is peculiar. A party of medical students passing by him take him for dead, also for dissection. They first decide to perform an experiment in galvanizing the supposed corpse. The current is sent through him, and Frank awakes with a start, letting forth one of those Iroquois yells, for which he is famous. The old professor who conducted the experiment is thoroughly satisfied with the result, and announces to the world that electricity is life in twenty-seven volumes with notes, introduction and appendix. Frank is now put on exhibition in the Field Columbian Museum, labelled: "Prehistoric American mummy, discovered in the wilds of Wisconsin." On Wednesdays and Saturdays he poses as the Pyramid of Cheops, brought from Egypt by Chicago enterprise.

Joe Kearney is seen as a contented physician and man of family. He has an extensive practice, a beautiful wife, a cozy home, and a happy family. What more could human heart desire? Doctor Joe has grown stouter with age and prosperity. His cheering presence is in great demand by his patients, and his time is

fully occupied. Happiness reigns supreme in his home.

J. Jos. Cooke, from whose figure all the sculptors carve their Herculese and Venuses, begins his success as a chorus girl. At a performance of "Singood" a famous painter is struck with Cooke's charms, and forthwith engages him as a model. There is not a picture of Boogrow that has not some part of his anatomy therein. His face is taken for a Venus, his arms for a Hercules, his legs for a Mercury, his torso for a John L. Sullivan. Sculptors are eager for his posing in their great pieces. Art is too narrow for Joe, however, so in his leisure moments he is to be seen as a Nicoll-the-tailor fashion plate in Beardstown.

Frank McKee is a living example of what genius will do. He works at various kinds of literary occupations, now journalism, now novel writing, now sweeping out printing offices, or chewing the roller composition, preparatory to use on the presses. Genius will not be kept under, however, and Frank finds his true vocation. His works are read wherever the newspaper penetrates—wherever "Ebony Soap," or "Waggoner's Luscious Liver Pellets" are used. His advertising poetry is in great demand. Even great and frequent rises in prices on his productions do not cut off the demand. If he keeps on, a 5th Ave. mansion, or a seat in the senate, can be easily procurable by him.

McGarry, like Mott, loves the Chinese as only a Californian can love them. So great is his love that he has been adopted into the nation. Mac has, of course, a regulation laundry. He sits behind the little counter wearing an orthodox queue, and says, with the best: "Washee, washee! no checkee, no collee!" Sing Sing is Mac's Chinese name, it being Chinese and New York for Auburn. At the back of the store there is an opium joint where you may hit the pipe at fifty cents a hit.

A bright vista is disclosed when Marteyne McFadden's future comes to view. The erstwhile "Prince of the Patch" has a better pull in Chicago than Tweed or Croker ever had in New York City in their palmiest days. He represents the Second ward in the City Council. Other offices might have been his, but Alderman is the thing that has the most in it. Loudly does he decry the boodling, the paying that goes to the politician's pockets; but he has a private office where he may always retire to receive material facts and information. These facts are generally in the shape of bank-bills, or other securities.

Last of all comes the Athletic Editor. The years have wrought their changes on him also. If we go to New York and drop into the Unmethodical Book Concern, we may see him as the clerical-looking Superintendent of the establishment. His red tie, checked sack suit and open-necked shirt have given way to a high choker, ministerial bow and sober black. Alack-a-day, what a metamorphosis!

These are, in brief, the futures of the Staff of '94 as they passed before the prophet over the glassy surface of the deep black water. When all had passed, the prophet lazily and slowly pulled for shore and bed. A few notes made at the time furnish the details that might have escaped his memory. To vouch for their truth and certainty one needs but to remember that the words are spoken by a seventh son of a seventh son,

THE PROPHET.

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An Interview with Maurice Francis Egan.

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YES, we had long been promised the privilege of an interview with Mr. Egan; so, on last Tuesday evening the SCHOLASTIC's reporter, who is ever on the alert and has never yet been known to let anything really excellent in the literary line slip from his grasp, went in search of the Professor. Of course, we trust our readers will pardon the above bit of apparent pride in consideration of the merit of our past year's work—and then, we believe in being candid and openly saying what we know nearly everyone of our readers thinks.

But to continue. Our reporter quietly went his way to the Greek room, where the Belles-Lettres men usually hear the English Literature lectures, and waited patiently. It was a long wait, but reporters are generally rather good-natured fellows—even if we do say so—and our representative did not mind the stay. There was this year's class poet waiting to ask about the music of rhythms; the Commencement orators stood in a group wondering just how they ought to begin or end their speeches, and each wanting to say something to their teacher; the valedictorian, with a woful expression, was also there, wishing a suggestion or two about the "last farewell"; but in spite of these and a few outside people who wanted "to see the Professor," our reporter, at last, got a chance to send in his card, and in a moment he was asked to come in.

It was a delightful half hour to our representative. Literary people are so easy to inter-

view; they know what is wanted, and they tell it outright and in such a pretty way. And all this is especially true of Mr. Egan. Our man found him reading an article written by one of his students. He seemed very interested in the work of his classes and said a great many kind things about the promising men in his Belles-Lettres class, and gladly showed the reporter the outline of a novel of which each man in the class was to write a chapter. This led up to the theme of the interview.

"In writing your novels, Mr. Egan, are your characters imaginary or taken from life?" our reporter asked.

"Well, of course, all characters are touched up more or less with bits from the imagination, but nearly all of my characters are taken directly from life. Sometimes I take one of my friends whom I feel will interest the reader, and put him in a novel. Still, you know, the literary man makes use of everything in writing. He has made himself like Ulysses, a part of everything he sees. The most commonplace scenes in everyday life are full of suggestions to him, and these help him to create new characters which are of the imagination and yet natural and true to life. I may make a character and give him qualities some of which belong to each one of my friends. The greatest powers of the novelist are good judgment, correct taste and, most of all, a minute observation of everything in everything. For my part, when I begin to form a character, I can only tell at first whether it is going to be a good or bad one; it is the circumstances and details in the different chapters as they are written that mould my characters. All I need to do is to be sure they are natural, human, and as much as possible types that are already known in life to my readers. To make the novel really interesting, a variety of characters is necessary. . . . No, I do not depend very much on the plot. I try to make my characters so like living men and women that they will naturally work out their own plot and of themselves entertain the reader. But one has to be so careful and sure in every detail. This is the tender spot where the critics try to catch the novelist.

"Does criticism help the novelist? It depends. The criticism of the man who merely runs through your book to say something about it in a general, formal way, because it is his business, or because on account of friendship or acquaintanceship he feels he ought to say something about it, does not do the writer a particle of good, unless it is to give him a small

bit of free advertisement. And, then, the best writers are lovers of their art and do not work for praise or money, except as an aid to the better pursuit of their ideals. They seek criticism; but it is only the good, honest, instructive criticism that we want and that can help us to give the public better work. Father Hudson receives very amusing letters—and quite often, too,—about some of my characters. People want to know how I met their grandmother or sister-in-law; they feel assured I must have been a great friend of theirs; for Mr. or Miss So-and-so, in one of my novels, is he or she to perfection. Then I am deliberately told I should not have treated them so cruelly on this or that occasion, or given away a certain secret about them, and I am assured that Aunt Eleanor or Cousin John will be frantic when he reads of it. But speaking of critics, some of them are altogether too severe. For instance, in my 'Success of Patrick Desmond,' I will acknowledge I am somewhat at fault in detail when I announced that the *New York Herald*, on the morning after the mine disaster in double-headed paragraphs on the first page, spread the news all over the country in spite of the fact that in the end of the previous chapter I spoke of the telegraph wires between Redwood and New York being down. The critics have been having a delightful time over these two incidents. It is true, the *New York Herald* has never printed on its first page any such startling disasters; but as to the impossibility of the paper's not getting the news for the morning edition simply because the Redwood wires to New York were down at midnight, I cannot understand that. Newspaper men will do anything for a bit of flashy news; and why could it not have been wired to New York in a round-about way? Or was it *impossible* for the direct line to have been fixed in time to send the report? I believe in being as accurate as possible even in the smallest details, but I think the author in all cases should be given the benefit of the doubt.

"Yes, I do like to write novels. There is a certain peculiar pleasure in it that no one but an author can understand or appreciate. I am sure the development of my characters and the surroundings which I gradually and almost unconsciously give them in the plot is indeed interesting,—very interesting. Some of my creations are to me real human beings whom I love and hold to be dear friends; and still there are others which do not interest me the slightest, except only inasmuch as they are essential to my plot."

Mr. Egan thinks it is only a short time until the exaggerated forms of the novel will be entirely out of vogue in even the lowest class of the reading public. The standard and taste of the people at large are becoming higher and more perfect every day. It is natural for us all to be interested in the types of men and women which we have met at least more than once in our everyday life, though they may not be exactly familiar to us. Counts and princesses and barons may, indeed, be human and interesting to their few chosen friends, but the people of to-day who read have passed that age, in the progress of literature, when the idea pervaded that whatever kings and princes said or did was kin to divine law, and have come to understand that they themselves and everyone like them are just as interesting to the world in their words and deeds—and even more so—as if they were graced with all the titles of nobility.

Life, no matter of what kind, or in what place, is always filled with new and inspiring pleasures to the observing and thoughtful man, and this is what the novelist is and must be, if he is to be a success.

As the Very Reverend President of the University Faculty was waiting to speak with Mr. Egan, our reporter heartily thanked the Professor for the favor he had received and the pleasant half hour he had enjoyed, and withdrew, delighted with his host and congratulating himself on succeeding in getting a few ideas about the construction of the novel from one who is indeed a master of the art himself.

HUGH ARNOTT O'DONNELL.

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#### A Reverie.

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JUDGING from your kindly face, my dear reader, I think there is in you a large percentage of that quality known as good fellowship. You have chosen for your chum one whose feelings and tastes are akin to yours. He is to you a friend, and a dear one, and surely he should be so. Now, indeed, it must cause a curious feeling to come over you, when you stop to consider that in another week you will go your way and your associate his. You will meet occasionally hereafter, perhaps, but the chances are that the meetings will be few and far between.

On next Commencement day you will take your old friend's hand, and, in a husky voice, say "Good-bye;" and I believe, my dear

friend, that a good honest tear will roll down your cheek. You try not to, but don't mind; your will is not the law of nature. No doubt you first met your companion in the early days in Carroll Hall; and oh, what days those were! You passed on and became a dignified Brownson; you came to Sorin Hall and he was still with you. And now, as you are about to graduate, you are classmates. After all these years of companionship, good fellowship and friendly feeling, you are to say to him, perhaps, a last good-bye. Well, it is the way of the world and all must bear it.

You say: "Oh, I'll meet him again;" but I doubt it, unless your case is an exceptional one. Letters will pass between you, for two or three years, but in the end you will gradually drift apart. You say in all earnestness and with great feeling: "I will never forget my old school chum." Well, I trust that it will be so.

Every Commencement the "old boys" return to *Alma Mater* to renew old associations, some travelling hundreds of miles. Certainly it is not merely to see the buildings that they come. No, but they long again to go over the happy days of their youth. They eagerly inquire for So-and-So. Where is Tom, Harry or Joe? Then the answer comes; and perhaps two of the three have passed to that other country where college commencements, selected music, and long orations are not.

Yes, my dear friend, you have your chum who, when anything goes wrong with you, hears your sorrowful tale. He never fails to give you consolation, and cheers your fainting soul. When you get into that uncomfortable state called "trouble," who is it that is always there to help you out? Ah, how many times you have been helped over serious difficulties! I know when the time comes for me to say good-bye that I will feel very bad, and I do not pretend to deny it. So would anyone when he has to give up one who has been a good, true and faithful companion for a long time. Perhaps we met when we were among the "Preps"; and we have been together since. Do not imagine us to be of the Damon and Pythias sort, for we are not.

I intended to give a personal history of a certain young man, and to give you an idea of his noble actions, of his manner and his peculiarities; but I am afraid that it would be altogether too personal. Perhaps, my dear friend, you think he was one of those very good young men who never make mistakes. Again, you think he is of the admonishing sort, always

ready with his precepts and his formulas. He is really a very good fellow, and has the best intentions; but oh, how active he is! I mean active in the sense that he is one of your up-to-date young Americans. If you desire harmless fun, count him in, and he will see you to the end. If you are caught, do not be afraid that he is unwilling to take his share of the punishment. One of his best qualities is that he is thoroughly honorable. I do not think you could persuade him to do a discreditable act. But this young man's great fault is that he takes the world too easy. Nothing, so far as I know, has ever caused him a sad half hour. The copying of five hundred lines of this college paper is mere sport for him; and as to demerits, he greets them as long-lost friends.

And oh! how many of those new friends some of us have, and alas! they seem to invite new acquaintances with them. But, my dear friend, I hope that your chum is not of the sugar-candy sort. He is like yourself—a manly fellow. And then, look around you; how many, many gentlemanly and good-hearted fellows there are! The place is full of them! And still, my dear friend, in a few days you will say farewell to them all. You wish that it may be different.

Yes, we all wish that it could be different. College days are certainly happy, and our environments here are the most pleasant. But there is no use soliloquizing; it will not help the case in the least, and anyhow it is only life over again. So, my dear friend, when you, on the 21st, take your chum's hand in yours, give it a good warm grasp, say "good bye, and we will try to meet again." J. M. FLANNIGAN.



He is a queer little chap that edits the exchange column of the *Dial*. What a blessing a course of *Loisette* would be for him! He has such a happy knack of forgetting just what he said, and an equally pretty way of telling us later what he



should have said. And then his logic is so delicate that splitting hairs is clumsy work beside his artistic mode of reasoning. What an ornament he must be in the ball-room if his movements in the dance are on a par with the flourishes of his intellect! With sweeping bow and step *à la mode* he would beg our pardon for correcting an error into which we fell when reading a remarkable utterance penned by him. We were stupid enough to read this just as it was written, instead of seeing the meaning he gave us in a later number. But then we didn't know that he issued his thoughts in instalments. Possibly, he hasn't finished yet. Who can tell what he may have to say in the next number of the *Dial*!

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In defence of its article on Republicanism, which we criticised, the *Abbey Student* says some remarkable things in the last issue. The gentleman who penned the apology was over-zealous, and is guilty of blunders of which, on calm reflection, he would certainly refuse to be considered as the author. It is nonsense to say that editors are not responsible for the sentiments of articles contributed to their papers. Fancy a journal issuing from a Catholic institution containing signed articles breathing a spirit of heresy, antagonistic to the doctrines of the Church. What a ridiculous plea the editor would advance if he should disclaim all responsibility merely because "the article was in the Literary department and was consequently open to criticism as the views of an individual and not as the views of the paper," to use the words of the *Abbey Student*. No, the editor of a college journal is certainly responsible for everything that is found in his columns, if we except "open letters"; and the sooner our contemporary recognizes this fact the less absurdities will it be held accountable for.

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If the editor of the column captioned "College World" in the *College Transcript* had confined himself to telling the weights of college crews and the girth of college athletes, no one would have known that he couldn't distinguish a stanza from a whole poem. In criticising the verse that appears in our "Trifles" column he blunders in taking the last portion of a rondeau—which means nothing when detached from the first part—and holding it up for ridicule as a poem. Verily, we can say that his boldness greatly exceeds ours. We should never have the courage to claim that the lines in question contained aught of divine afflatus. We do hold that the rondeau was clever;

it was a neat play upon words. Possibly the gentleman critic is English. Why then, we can offer him no better advice than the suggestion of immortal Will: "Go, get thee to a funnery!"

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We often wonder if the individual that named the *Philosophian Review* is still at large. He must be the wretch that is constantly misnaming things; and the sooner we read his epitaph, the better. It would be hard to find more ignorance and puerile drivelling between the covers of any other college magazine. Assuming that there are defects in the public school system,—that the schools are often closed for six months in the year, that they are controlled by boards of educators who thrash instructors for teaching the conjugation of the verb "to love" to their daughters—taking all this for granted, a writer in this most sophisticated of journals seeks the cause of all these miseries. He finds him; he tells us 'tis the Pope. Leo XIII., according to this gentleman's statement, claims a right to interfere in the discipline of the public schools, and that all Catholics are aiding him simply because they believe "that the Pope can make no mistakes." It is a fact that Catholics do subscribe to the doctrine that the Pope, as the visible Head of the Church, cannot err in deciding questions of faith or morals. Will the gentleman now kindly tell us how the spanking of an unruly boy, or legislation touching the dismissal of classes, affects the faith or morals of any of us?

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With each succeeding issue does the *St. Mary's Chimes* make stronger a claim to be one of the best academy representatives. There is a wealth of imagery in every article, and through the poetry there breathes a spirit of beauty and sweetness. "In Rose-Wreathed June" we find the most graceful expression of these qualities. The author has succeeded in compressing into this poem much of the fragrance of the rose, and deserves our gratitude.

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With the above reviews and criticisms we end our editorial labors. In our intercourse with them we have found our brother exchange editors in the main good-natured fellows to whom dyspepsia and bile were unknown. To those who have had words of praise for the SCHOLASTIC we return our sincerest thanks; and with the cloak of our charity we cover the sins of those who have abused us. For all the harsh things which we have said we are willing to be forgiven. *Vale!*





—Marcellus L. Joslyn, (B. S.), '93, is studying law in Woodstock, Ill.

—Lucius Tong (LL. B.), '71, and Lucius Hubbard, (LL. D.), '93, were welcome visitors at the University on Monday last.

—Mrs. W. M. Devine, Chicago, spent a few days at the University last week visiting her son Marcus, of St. Edward's Hall.

—W. L. Dechant (student), '78, is conducting the business of the Hon. Paul Sorg, the largest tobacco dealer in Ohio. He has a warm and constant love for Notre Dame.

—Rev. Father Clarke, C. S. C., of South Bend, and Rev. Father McLaughlin, of Niles, Mich., were at the University on Wednesday last, acting in the capacity of judges in the Elocution Contest of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. C. Corbett, Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Co., of this district, accompanied by Mrs. Corbett, sister of the Very Rev. Wm. Corby, C. S. C., made a pleasant visit to the University last week.

—Hon. William W. Dodge (B. S.), '74, is the leading attorney-at-law in Burlington, Iowa. In acknowledging the receipt of an invitation to attend Commencement he expresses the joy and pride he feels in the success of *Alma Mater*.

—Albert F. Zahm, A. M., M. E., formerly Professor of Mechanical Engineering at Notre Dame, is spending several pleasant days here. He has been pursuing a special course at John Hopkins University and is meeting with great success in his field of work.

—Hon. Frank Scales, LL. D., '93, County Judge Cook County, Ill., was unanimously renominated by the Democratic County Convention on Tuesday last. Judge Scales has attained eminence in his profession through his untiring energy and ability, and by faithfully and fearlessly discharging every trust devolving on him. We wish the Hon. gentleman the best of success in the election.

—The marriage of John M. Monschein (student), '85 and Miss Jessie L. Wall, a pupil of St. Mary's Academy, is announced for the latter part of this month. The groom is remembered here as a bright and genial student. The bride, who is both accomplished and beautiful, has many friends by whom she is held in the highest regard. The couple have our cordial good wishes.

—The examinations began Monday at 10.30.

—The Carrollites now go swimming every evening.

—The "Grads" were examined Friday and Saturday.

—The Rosebuds will meet to-morrow for the last time.

—"Are you going swimming?" "Yes, *au reservoir*." "Tanks."

—FUND—"Vest-Pocket Manual of Devotions." Apply at Students' Office.

—LOST—Small opal scarf-pin. Finder, leave at Students' Office and receive reward.

—These hot days nobody does anything but lounge around. Even quoits are forgotten.

—The Sacrament of Confirmation was conferred by Bishop Rademacher this morning. There was quite a large class.

—At the Carroll Elocution contest Mr. Brinker played "Fantasie" Op. 5, by Leybach instead of the Fifth Nocturne by the same composer.

—The officers of the Never-Sweat Association will not be known until the catalogue is issued. They will then be found on the blank page.

—The water in the lake has been very warm the entire past week, and those who have professed a liking for bathing have been regaling themselves to their heart's content.

—On the 10th inst., the final drill for the Co. "B" medal was held. After about an hour's drilling Private Dixon won, closely contested by Privates Shillington and Lansdowne.

—At a meeting of the Athletic Association, held last Thursday, Oscar Schmidt was elected Captain of the Varsity nine for the coming year; Richard Stack will be his assistant.

—Yesterday the Military companies had the last review of the year. The medals were awarded. After the parade the soldiers held their annual banquet in the Brownson refectory.

—We make no apology for reproducing this bright definition recently formulated by a Carrollite: "Wit is a pun, or joke, in which some person usually suffers mortification." That Carrollite wrote more wisely than he knew.

—Don't forget that the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company will run a special fast train for the accommodation of students and visitors of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, leaving South Bend Thursday, June 21, at 3 p. m., and arriving in Chicago at 5.30 p. m.

—Notre Dame boys have an excellent opportunity to travel together to Chicago after the Commencement exercises on next Thursday. The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company have set aside, for our accommodation, a special fast train which will leave South Bend at 3 p. m., and reach Chicago at 5.30 p. m. Here's a fine chance to mass the Gold and Blue.

—The Band has promised us two concerts:

SUNDAY, JUNE 17.

Overture—"Bohemian Girl".....*Ralph*  
March—"Hoynes Light Infantry," *Hennessey,*

*Cullen, Chassaing*

Medley—"Fassie's Delight".....*Brown*

Polka—"Anvil".....*Parlow*

Waltz—"Life is a Dream".....*Zikoff*

Chilion Dance—"Manna".....*Missud*

Grand Fantasia—"Dawn to Twilight".....*Smith*

Quickstep—"Notre Dame".....*Preston*

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 6.30 p. m.

Overture—"Champion".....*Hortmann*

March—"Hoynes Light Infantry," *Hennessey*

*Cullen, Chassaing*

Gavotte—"The Queen's Favorite".....*Walter*

Waltzes—"The Knight".....*Knight*

Schottische—"Jubilee Singers".....*Carnes*

Polka—"Piccolo Solo".....*Damm*

Mr. Oscar Schmidt.

American Patrol.....*Meachem*

Quickstep—"Notre Dame".....*Preston*

—The following is the programme for Commencement week:

SUNDAY, JUNE 17.

8 a. m.—Solemn High Mass.

Sermon by Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.

10 a. m.—Military Dress Parade.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, JUNE 18 AND 19.

Annual Examinations.

Morning sessions—8-9.30 and 10.30-12.

Afternoon sessions—2-3.30 and 4.30-6.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20.

8 a. m.—Closing examinations.

10 a. m.—Regatta.

12 a. m.—Dinner.

2.30 p. m.—Commencement Exercises in St. Edward's Hall.

4.30 p. m.—Calisthenic Exercises in St. Edward's Gymnasium, and Field Sports on Brownson Campus.

6 p. m.—Supper.

7.30 p. m.—Commencement Exercises in Washington Hall.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 8.30 a. m.

Class Poem, Valedictory, Awarding of Honors, Conferring of Degrees, etc.

—The Lambs were all assembled at the final round-up of the year last Thursday morning. There was a look of mingled sorrow and joy on the face of each member—sorrow because the end had come—the end of all "ye goodethings," and that the termination of a year's fellowship was at hand; and joy because the close had come of the great mental strain beneath which they were all sinking to untimely graves. Yes, they were all present: the Shepherd, the Shepherd's Crook, the Little Boy Blue, and the Cuspidor Rejuvenator. As meek and as innocent an assembly never before convened. Even one

possessed of the sleuth-like proclivities of a Vidocq might have looked long to discover a more guileless set than the Lambs assembled in the Annex on that day. And if the above Vidocq had been true to all the characteristic legends that are told about him, he would have perceived that the Shepherd's imbecile effort at the growth of a moustache was in the same preliminary stages of development as had been noted three months before. But an all-pervading hope illuminated the otherwise immobile countenance of the Shepherd—a hope which bade defiance to the scoffs and jeers of those who were wont to poke fun at him, and make bantering remarks about his ability to produce anything that could be seen without resort to microscopic means. He would have noticed also that as the sun crept through the window and fell upon the desk which had grown mouldy in service, the Shepherd advanced slowly to the front, removed his collar and tie, and in accents that were measured and solemn addressed his hearers. Not in the brilliant oratory of a Demosthenes, nor yet in the flowery rhetoric of a Burke, did he speak, for of these he wots not; but with large and solid chunks of common sense dished up in the good old Anglo-Saxon, did he assail the ears of the crowd.

The following brief synopsis of his speech by one who was not present is given, although there is no guarantee as to its reliability: "Friends, Americans, Countrymen and Fellow-Lambs: We meet as those that meet no more. As Lambs we came to the slaughter; as Lambs we have rested and as Lambs we have rejoiced; Lambs in captivity and Lambs in freedom; Lambs in the anticipation of future joys, and Lambs in the failure of their realization. Tonight—to-day rather—as I gaze fondly upon those faces I have loved so well, and as the conviction steals upon and over me that as Lambs we meet for the last time, a pang of sorrow fills my breast; a sob that I fain would suppress asserts itself; a tear glides down the shiny surface of my coat. (This was certainly true, for the lecturer's dewdrop, as it glistened in the corner of his eye, could be distinctly seen.) We have fought the good fight, our work is o'er. The fold is opened, the Shepherd resigns his charge, and pastures new and green will claim you as their own. Be Lambs always in obedience to the Shepherd that may accept the responsibility that I now lay down; but Lions ever in the assertion of those rights that are yours. You may, as the succeeding years roll by and deeper cares and graver responsibilities absorb your attention, forget the fold within whose sheltering influences you basked; but as for me, the knowledge that I was a member of the famous Lambs of '94 will ever be the one solace in my hour of grief, the one cheering thought in moments of despair and utter desolation. Farewell, ye Lambs, ye comrades of happier days, farewell, forever!"

For a moment no one moved or uttered a word. The silence was intense. But only for a moment; for the applause that succeeded was deafening. Loud and prolonged cheers broke upon the palpitating atmosphere, and as it slowly died away into the immeasurable realms of space, the Little Boy Blue stepped forth and in a few well-chosen words of the traditional kind, begged of the Shepherd to accept, as a small testimonial of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-Lambs, a purse. In the purse was a ten-cent shin-plaster. The Shepherd for a moment was overwhelmed, and could not utter a word; but when he had partially recovered himself, he thanked them, one and all.

He went down into his pocket, for something which could not be ascertained by the reporter at the time. A blank look came into his face, which was immediately followed by one of anger. That he was mad, was plainly evident. He had discovered that some artful Dodger had eliminated ten cents from his pocket, and then had the courage to present it to him as a gift from the club. He waxed wrothy. He said the man that would do such a thing would say "pants." At this fearful denunciation the guilty ones trembled, became ghastly livid, and would have sunk into the ground had it not been for the intervening flavor. The matter was settled and white-winged peace spread her snowy pinions over the camp once again. The loving cup was then passed around, and it was noticed incidentally that the bond of union between it and the Cuspidor Rejuvenator was very great. Each member then tended a vote of thanks to his fellow-members and the meeting dispersed to the sweet strains of the classic, "Annie Rooney."

#### NOTRE DAME VS. MINNESOTA.

With two hits and liberal support from Varsity, Minnesota scored a victory. It was a game of the "might have been" kind. As usual, our playing in the first two innings was of the loosest description, and in these the visitors won the game. The wholesale change of players, owing to McCarrick's illness, was a bad move. The men, new to their places, felt uncomfortable and nervous, threw wild, and gave the visitors a lead we could not reach. We should have beaten Minnesota, and could have done so if our men had done team work. The boys from the Northwest played a steady game, and were as cool as ninety-eight degrees, Fahrenheit would permit them to be. Their pitcher was a "ringer-in"; one could see that with half an eye. Stack pitched a good game; he had a better command of the ball than on former occasions; in the first two innings he struck out six men. Schmidt ably supported him and batted well. McKee did nobly. He was carefully seconded by Chassaing. The game was unmarked by any brilliant plays. Great excitement, however, reigned in the

ninth inning. It was Notre Dame's last chance. Callahan led with a single, but was forced at second by McKee. The next man struck out, and matters looked gloomy. Our third baseman came to bat and with two strikes called on him lined a beauty through the window of Mechanics' building. The crowd went wild. He and McKee circled the bases, but the umpire declared the hit a foul. Another strike was called on him—and we gave the College, cry.

"Play ball!" was called by Umpire Steiner at 3.50 with Minnesota at bat. Hale hit a lively grounder to Chassaing, who endeavored to throw him out at first; but the ball sped on into the group of spectators and advanced the runner to second base; Griffin was the first to strike out; Walker drove a daisy into the centre garden, bringing home Hale; he went to second on a passed ball, stole third, and came home on a wild pitch; Poebler struck out; Ritchie was given a base on balls, and he went to second on a passed ball; Wascott struck out. O'Neill was the first of the home team to face the "northman twirler"; he fell an easy victim by striking out; Chassaing seemed in form, for a red-hot liner went to third; but he was thrown out at second off Schmidt's easy grounder to Wascott; Schmidt was put out at first. This was the first double play of the game, and the work was cleverly executed.

In the second inning the men from the north struck out in order. For Notre Dame, Callahan hit to centre, stole second and went to third on McKee's hit. Notre Dame should have had a run at this stage of the game with two on base and no outs. Flannigan, the next in order, struck out; Sweet repeated the performance; Flynn poked one at short stop, and was thrown out.

In the third inning, Hale went out on a pop-up to Chassaing; Griffin was presented with a base on balls, but in stealing second he was put out; Walker took a base on balls; Poebler was thrown out at first. For Notre Dame, the men went out in order.

In the fourth inning, the home team seemed to awake to the fact that they were playing ball after Wascott had crossed the plate, and the game from this point was a hard fight. Ritchie was put out at first by Chassaing's good stop and Capt. John's one-handed catch; Wascott went to second by Sweet's wild throw; to third on a passed ball and home on Sweet's wild throw of Northway's grounder; Wood popped up a fly to first; Armstrong struck out. For Notre Dame, Schmidt led off with a hit to right, taking second on a passed ball, went to third on Callahan's sacrifice; Flannigan struck out; McKee went to first on a fumble by Ritchie, and Schmidt came home; Sweet struck out.

In the fifth inning the men went out in order. In the sixth, Poebler of Minnesota hit a lively grounder to second and was thrown out at first; Ritchie followed suit but held first on Sweet's

wild throw; Wascott hit a nice pop-up, which could be handled easily by the infield; but some one had blundered; for McKee was called in, from deep center, and dropped the ball; Northway was thrown out at first; Wood struck out.

For the Varsity, Chassaing was thrown out at first; Schmidt hit into right field, stole second, and there he remained; Callahan fouled out to left field; Flannigan was thrown out at first.

Minnesota kept the boys busy in the seventh inning; Armstrong struck out; Hale went to first on Stack's error; Griffin hit to center; Walker hit the ball so hard to second that a flash of lightning seemed to follow it; he was thrown out at first; Poebler was thrown out at first by Stack. The Varsity boys were unfortunate during this inning. McKee took first on a hit; Sweet followed by a hit to right; McKee was coached off second to third, while the third baseman was holding the ball; Flynn popped up a fly to the catcher; Stack struck out.

In the eighth inning Ritchie struck out; Wascott went to first on Sweet's error, taking second on Northway's grounder to first; Wascott thought Stack asleep, and endeavored to take third, but was thrown out. The home team went out in order: O'Neill popped up a fly to third; Chassaing flew out to center; Schmidt flew out to right.

The last inning was a repetition of the previous one for Minnesota: Wood was thrown out at first by Stack; Armstrong flew out to center; Hale struck out. Callahan for the Varsity singled into left, but was forced out at second by McKee's grounder to short stop; Flannigan popped up to second; Sweet struck out. The following is the score:

MINNESOTA	A. B.	R.	I. B.	S. H.	P. O.	A.	E.	
Hale, -	5	1	0	0	1	0	0	
Griffin, -	3	0	1	0	6	1	0	
Walker, -	3	1	1	1	13	1	0	
Poebler, -	4	0	0	0	1	4	0	
Ritchie, -	3	0	0	0	3	1	2	
Wascott, -	4	1	0	0	0	1	0	
Northway, -	4	0	0	2	1	1	0	
Wood, -	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	
Armstrong, -	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	
TOTALS	34	3	2	3	27	9	2	
NOTRE DAME.	A. B.	R.	I. B.	S. H.	P. O.	A.	E.	
O'Neill, -	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Chassaing, -	4	0	1	0	2	3	0	
Schmidt, -	4	1	2	0	11	3	0	
Callahan, -	4	0	2	1	0	0	0	
Flannigan, -	4	0	0	0	8	1	1	
McKee, -	4	0	2	0	1	0	1	
Sweet, -	4	0	1	0	3	2	5	
Flynn, -	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Stack, -	3	0	0	0	1	4	1	
TOTALS	34	1	8	1	27	13	8	
SCORE BY INNINGS:—								
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
MINNESOTA:—	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0=3
NOTRE DAME:—	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0=1

## SUMMARY.

Stolen bases: Ritchie, Schmidt, Hale, McKee, Calla-

han. Double plays: Wascott to Ritchie to Griffin, Stack to Flannigan. Base on balls: Off Stack, 3. Struck out: by Stack, 13; Wascott, 7. Wild pitches: Stack. Passed balls: Walker, 2; Schmidt, 4. Time, 2 hours. Umpire: Steiner. Scorer: P. N. Foley.

## Roll of Honor.

## SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Carney, Crawley, Corry, Devanney, Eyanson, Flannery, Kearney, H. Mitchell, McCarrick, McFadden, Murphy, J. McGarry, O'Donnell, Quinlan, Ryan, Scherrer, Schopp, Thorne, Walker.

## BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Brinker, Barrett, Beyer, Bates, Burns, Blanchard, Bennett, Barton, Baldwin, Browne, Cullinan, A. Clark, Corry, Crane, Cooke, Chassaing, Conway, Corby, F. Dillon, A. Dillon, Fagan, Foley, Feeney, Galen, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, N. Gibson, L. Gibson, Groff, Garesche Golden, Halligan, Hinde, Herman, Hennessy, Harris, Hennebry, Hesse, Hodge, Hartman, Johnson, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby, Krembs, Kortas, Ludwig, Loser, Maynes, Maguire, Moloney, Mott, Murray, McHugh, Marmon, Mithen, Markum, Moxley, McVean, Manchester, McCord, Ney, W. O'Neill, Oliver, O'Malley, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Perkins, Roper, Ruppe, Rumely, Ryan, Roby, J. J. Reilly, Smith, Spalding Slevin, Stack, Schmidt, Smoger, Streicher, Spengler, Schultz, Tong, Turner, Tinnin, Welty, Weaver, Wilkin, Wiss, White, Walker, Zeitler, Montague.

## CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Arnold, Bloomfield, Burns, Bacon, Banholzer, Benson, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Cooke, Cornell, Coolidge, Clendenin, Coyne, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Chase, Carney, Corby, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Danemiller, Dalton, Dilger, Druecker, Dixon, Davezac, Davis, Foley, Fennessy, Farley, Fox, Forbing, Fitzgibbons, Fleming, Franke, Gavin, Gonzales, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Hurley, Howell, Healy, Hoban, Howard, Harding, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Klees, Lanagan, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Leonard, Lowrey, Lansdowne, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, John McPhillips, McShane, McCarrick, McKenzie, McCord, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, O'Mara, Patier, Pendleton, Romero, Roesing, Shillington, Swift, Strassheim, Stearns, Strong, Sullivan, Tinnen, Trankle, Taylor, Tempel, Thome, Tuohy, J. Treber, W. Treber, Wilcox, Wensinger, Waters, Whitehead, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wachtler, Wagner, Weitzel, Wigg, Ward, L. Yglesia, A. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

## ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Allyn, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, Bullene, Breslin, B. Clark, R. Clark, L. Clark, Croke, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Caruthers, Corry, Curry, Cressy, Cassady, F. Campau, D. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Crandall, Clune, Coolidge, C. Dawson, J. Dawson, Davidson, Devine, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Durand, Dalton, Englehardt, Elliott, Everest, Egan, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, Girsch, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Gimble, Green, Goff, Graff, Healy, Ral Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Ives, Jonquet, A. King, K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lohner, Lawton, McGinley, McPhee, McCorry, McElroy, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, Eug. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, McGushin, Morehouse, Moxley, Minnigerode, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortez, Perea, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Romero, Robb, Ryan, Rohrbach, Roesing, Shipp, Steele, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Simm, Schneider, Shillington, Swan, Terhune, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Thomas, Taylor, Wells, Wagner, York.